

NO 6
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ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

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52
PAGES



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-OUR-
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CONTEST!
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BAT By Night



One of the countless legends which throng from the **UNKNOWN** is that of the **VAMPIRE**--an unearthly creature which preys upon mortals! True, it is only a superstition, whispered when midnight falls--but let's fancy, for a moment, that such things **COULD** exist! Our story takes us to Europe--where a thrilling tale unfolds---

THE SORBONNE, PARIS. PROFESSOR GOLLET, RENOWNED AUTHORITY ON THE **UNKNOWN**, ADDRESSES HIS CLASS--

--AND THIS REMOTE, WILD SECTOR, AMIDST THE GLOOMY PEAKS OF THE PYRENEES, HOLDS ANCIENT WONDERS YOU YOUNGSTERS HAVE NEVER DREAMED OF!

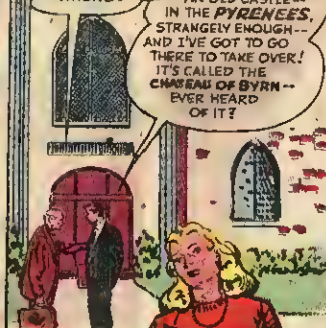


THE SUBJECT HELD A STRANGE INTEREST FOR ONE PUPIL, YOUNG GEORGE TELLER--

I HEAR YOU'RE LEAVING US, GEORGE, AND I'M SORRY! ANYTHING WRONG?

NOT REALLY! IT'S JUST THAT I'VE INHERITED AN OLD CASTLE--

IN THE **PYRENEES**, STRANGELY ENOUGH--AND I'VE GOT TO GO THERE TO TAKE OVER! IT'S CALLED THE **CHATEAU OF BYRN**--EVER HEARD OF IT?



HAVE I! IT'S A FASCINATING OLD PLACE--IN A REGION KNOWN FOR ITS SUPER-NATURAL PHENOMENA! YOU'RE A LUCKY CHAP!

MAYBE--BUT I'LL BE LONESOME THERE! SAY, IF IT'S THAT INTERESTING TO YOU, HOW'S ABOUT COMING ALONG FOR A VISIT?



AND SO IT WAS THAT THE PROFESSOR AND HIS YOUNG STUDENT HEADED FOR THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS--
The Land of MYSTERY!

SO THAT'S THE CHATEAU OF BYRN! MAYBE IT'S JUST AN OLD MAN'S IMAGINATION, BUT A STRANGE PRESENCE SEEMS TO HANG OVER IT-- A FOREBODING OF THINGS TO COME ---

BR-RRR! YOU'RE SCARING ME, PROFESSOR GOLET! ALL I CAN SAY IS I'M GLAD YOU'RE ALONG TO FIGHT OFF THE GHOSTS!

BUT AS THE UNEVENTFUL WEEKS PASS --

GUESS I WAS WRONG, GEORGE! NOTHING HAPPENING AROUND HERE -- WE MIGHT JUST AS WELL BE BACK IN PARIS!

I'M AFRAID WE HAVE BUT ONE EXCITEMENT IN THESE PARTS, M'SIEU-- MOUNTAIN CLIMBING!

BRIOT'S RIGHT! HOW'S ABOUT IT, PROFESSOR?

UP--UP AMID THE LOFTY PEAKS! THEN, SUDDENLY, CUTTING THROUGH THE MISTY AIR --

HELP!
HELP!

GREAT SCOTT! THAT VOICE, IT-- IT'S A WOMAN!

IT CAME FROM THE DIRECTION OF THAT JUTTING CRAG! LET'S GO!

THERE SHE IS-- HANGING OUT THERE IN SPACE!

THERE--THERE'S NO WAY TO GET NEAR HER --UNLESS WE CLIMB THE CLIFF AND PULL HER UP FROM ABOVE!
HANG ON, MISS! WE'RE COMING!

BUT AS THEY REACH THE PEAK ---

HOLY SMOKE! SHE LET GO!

EEEEEEE!

THEN, AFTER A PAINFUL DESCENT TO RECOVER THE UNFORTUNATE GIRL'S BODY ---

STRANGE! A FALL LIKE THAT, AND SHE ISN'T CRUSHED! THE POOR KID DIDN'T EVEN BLEED!

POOR KID, DID YOU SAY? CHANGE THAT WORD TO LUCKY! IT'S A MIRACLE, BUT THIS GIRL'S STILL ALIVE!

WHAT WONDER IS THIS, THAT COULD SURVIVE
A 500-FOOT DROP? WHAT DO YOU
THINK, READER?

SHE'S-- BEAUTIFUL!
BUT THOSE NAILS--
SO STRANGELY
LONG--



LET'S NOT LOSE ANY TIME!
WE MUST GET HER TO
THE CHATEAU!

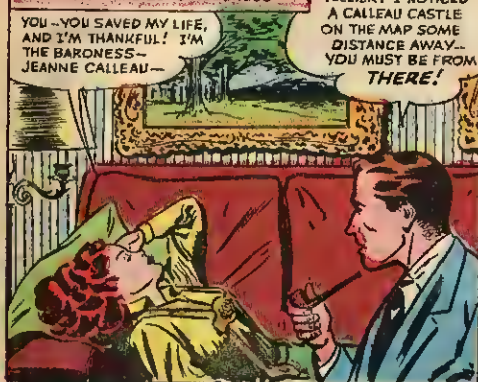
YES-- IT WOULD BE
TRAGIC IF SHE DIED
NOW!.. WONDER WHO
SHE IS? I'VE NEVER
SEEN HER IN
THESE PARTS!



HOURS LATER-- AS THE UNKNOWN
VISITOR REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS---

YOU-- YOU SAVED MY LIFE,
AND I'M THANKFUL! I'M
THE BARONESS--
JEANNE CALLEAU--

AND I'M GEORGE
TELLIER! I NOTICED
A CALLEAU CASTLE
ON THE MAP SOME
DISTANCE AWAY--
YOU MUST BE FROM
THERE!



AH, MADAMOISELLE,
IT WAS OUR HAPPINESS--
RESCUING SUCH A
BEAUTIFUL
YOUNG LADY!

NEVER MIND THOSE
PERSONAL REMARKS
NOW, BRIT! BETTER
SEE WHAT'S KEEPING
THE DOCTOR!

BUT
MR. TELLIER--
THERE'S NO
WOMAN IN THE
WORLD WHO DOESN'T
LOVE TO HEAR THAT
SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!



AND AFTER THE DOCTOR'S EXAMINATION---

IT'S THE STRANGEST
CASE IN MY CAREER!
NEITHER EXTERNAL
NOR INTERNAL INJURIES--
AND AFTER A FALL
LIKE THAT!

NEVERTHELESS, THERE
MUST BE SOME SHOCK--
AND I INSIST ON HER
STAYING HERE UNTIL
SHE'S COMPLETELY
RECOVERED!



THEN CAME HAPPY DAYS, DURING WHICH GEORGE
FELT HIMSELF DRAWN CLOSER AND CLOSER TOWARDS
JEANNE! FINALLY, HER STRENGTH ENTIRELY
REGAINED--

YOU'VE BEEN WONDERFUL
TO ME-- BUT NOW IT'S TIME
FOR ME TO GO BACK HOME!
I'LL RIDE BACK TONIGHT!
FATHER PROBABLY THINKS
I'VE BEEN VISITING A
GIRL FRIEND--

I HATE TO SEE YOU
GO! I'LL HAVE TWO
HORSES SADDLED,
AND RIDE WITH YOU!



ER-- MAYBE YOU'D BETTER NOT, GEORGE! YOU SEE, I -- WELL, MY FATHER'S NEVER BEEN VERY FRIENDLY WITH YOUR FAMILY! -- **YOU UNDERSTAND, DON'T YOU?**

THAT'S TOO BAD... BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU RIDE THROUGH THESE DARK MOUNTAINS ALONE! ONE OF MY SERVANTS MUST ACCOMPANY YOU-- **I INSIST!**



AND SO JEANNE DEPARTED, ACCOMPANIED BY A SERVANT! BUT, AN HOUR LATER --

JEANNE -- YOU'RE BACK! WHY ARE YOU LOOKING LIKE THAT -- WHAT'S WRONG?

SOMETHING -- TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED! YOUR SERVANT -- **HE'S BEEN KILLED!**



I -- I CAN HARDLY FIND WORDS FOR IT -- BUT JUST AS WE APPROACHED CALLEAU CASTLE -- A MONSTROUS BAT CAME FLYING TOWARD US!...



"OH, HE TRIED TO PROTECT ME -- HE TRIED -- **BUT IT WAS NO USE!** THE THING WAS UPON HIM IN A MOMENT! LIKE A COWARD, I TURNED AND RAN, BUT BY THAT TIME -- **IT WAS ALL UP WITH HIM!**"



MOMENTS LATER --

IT'S A RIDICULOUS STORY, PROFESSOR -- OBVIOUSLY, SHE MUST STILL BE SUFFERING FROM SHOCK FROM THAT FALL! SHE'S ASLEEP NOW -- I GAVE HER A SEDATIVE!

MAYBE -- MAYBE HER STORY **ISN'T** RIDICULOUS, GEORGE! I'D SUGGEST YOU SEND OUT A PARTY TO CHECK ON WHAT **REALLY** HAPPENED TO THAT SERVANT OF YOURS!



THE PARTY WAS SENT OUT -- AND IT RETURNED, PALE AND HORROR-STRICKEN!

WE -- WE FOUND HIM, SIR! HE WAS -- **DEAD!** IT -- IT WAS AS IF SOME WILD BEAST --



SHAKEN BY HER EXPERIENCE, JEANNE STAYED ON AT THE CHATEAU OF BYRN, AND GEORGE'S FEELING FOR HER GREW UNTIL --

I -- I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU, JEANNE -- YOU'RE THE GIRL I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! I CAN'T DO WITHOUT YOU, DARLING!

AND I -- LOVE YOU TOO --



BUT THERE'S ONE THING I MUST TELL YOU, GEORGE! COULD YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT BRIOT, YOUR MAJOR-DOMO? HE SEEMS IN LOVE WITH ME, TOO, AND HIS JEALOUSY IS BEGINNING TO BOTHER ME!

YOU MEAN HE'S DAREO TO -- DON'T WORRY, DEAR! I'LL SEE THAT HE DOESN'T TROUBLE YOU ANY FURTHER!



BUT BRIOT SHOWED AN UNEXPECTED REBELLION!

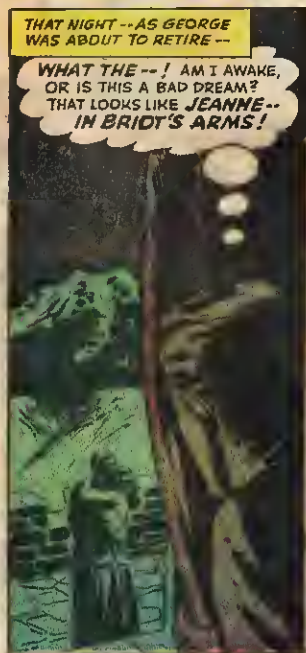
MAYBE I DO WORK FOR YOU, M'SIEU, BUT I'M STILL A MAN -- AND I LOVE HER! IT'S YOU THAT'S JEALOUS -- BECAUSE YOU KNOW JEANNE CARES FOR ME!

FOR THE LAST TIME, BRIOT, I'M WARNING YOU -- LEAVE THAT GIRL ALONE OR YOU'RE FIRED!



THAT NIGHT -- AS GEORGE WAS ABOUT TO RETIRE --

WHAT THE --! AM I AWAKE, OR IS THIS A BAD DREAM? THAT LOOKS LIKE JEANNE -- IN BRIOT'S ARMS!



NO, IT COULDN'T BE -- IT COULDN'T BE! IT MUST BE SOME OTHER GIRL! BETTER TAKE THIS GUN ALONG, THOUGH -- BRIOT CAN BE DANGEROUS!



ON THE TERRACE BELOW -- AN AWFUL DISCOVERY!

HOLY SMOKE! IT'S BRIOT -- DEAD -- WITH THE MARKS OF A WILD BEAST ON HIM!



NEXT MOMENT, A LOOMING SHADOW--
THE BEATING OF GREAT WINGS--

IT--IT'S A
GIGANTIC
BAT!



WHAT IS IT?
THOSE SHOTS--
WHAT
HAPPENED,
GEORGE?

YOU--YOU WON'T BELIEVE
THIS, PROFESSOR GOLLET--
**BUT A GIANT BAT HAS
DONE FOR BRIOT!**

I--I THINK I MAY HAVE
WOUNDED THE
CREATURE!



HMMMM... YOU MAY HAVE
AT THAT, BUT ONLY SLIGHTLY!
HERE'S A PIECE OF ONE OF
ITS TALONS THAT
YOU SHOT OFF!

TOO BAD! I WAS HOPING
I'D DONE MORE DAMAGE!
WE--WE MUST **GET**
THAT CREATURE,
BEFORE---



YOU'RE RIGHT! TELL
ME, DID YOU NOTICE
IN WHAT DIRECTION
IT HEADED?

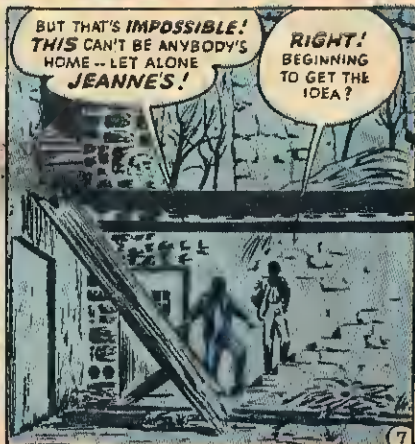
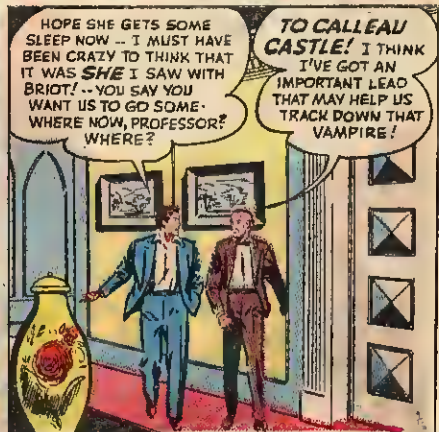
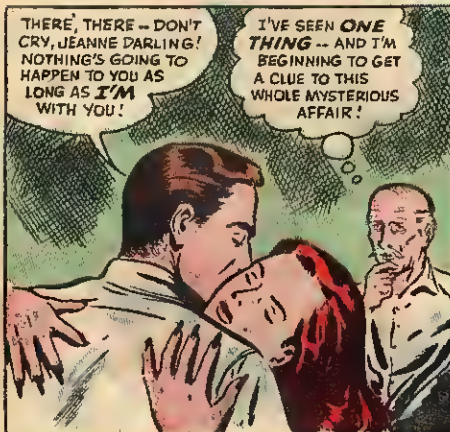
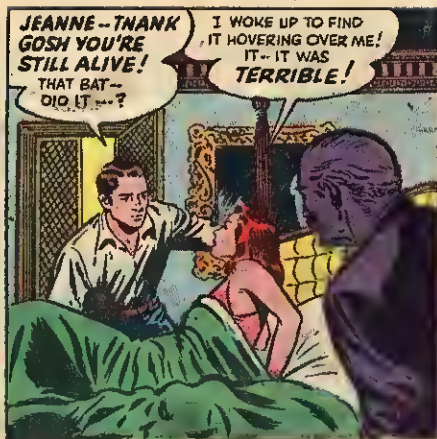
WELL, LET'S SEE--**GREAT
HEAVENS--IT FLUTTERED
TOWARD JEANNE'S
ROOM!-- THAT SCREAM!
IT MUST HAVE
HER NOW!**

OH--HHN!
HELP!



DON'T STAND THERE AS IF
YOU'RE PARALYZED, MAN--
**COME ON! THERE MAY
BE A CHANCE OF
SAVING HER YET!**





AS GEORGE DEPARTS, MYSTIFIED...

LOOK--COMING
OUT OF THE
CASTLE!
IT--IT'S A
SWARM OF
BATS!

YES--BATS
BY NIGHT!
AND I'M NOT
SURPRISED,
EITHER!

OH, COME, PROFESSOR-- YOU AND YOUR AIRS
OF STRANGE KNOWLEDGE! THERE MUST BE
SOME PERFECTLY NATURAL EXPLANATION
FOR ALL THIS! I DON'T KNOW WHY
JEANNE DIDN'T TELL ME ABOUT THE
CONDITION OF THIS PLACE, BUT
SHE MUST HAVE HER
REASONS FOR IT!

I'M AFRAID
SHE HAS, MY
BOY-- **GOOD**
REASONS!

IT WAS THE FIRST ARGUMENT BETWEEN
GEORGE AND HIS OLD TEACHER--

PLEASE DON'T QUESTION JEANNE IN ANY WAY,
PROFESSOR! I LOVE HER AND WE'RE GOING
TO BE MARRIED! I WON'T HEAR OF ANY
SUSPICION OF ANY KIND AGAINST
HER, AND THAT'S THAT!

WHY, IT'S **RIDICULOUS** TO
THINK THAT JEANNE KNOWS
ANYTHING ABOUT ALL THIS!
SHE'S JUST A LOVELY GIRL--
THE GIRL I LOVE!

WELL-- I HOPE YOU
WON'T LEARN
DIFFERENT TO
YOUR SORROW!

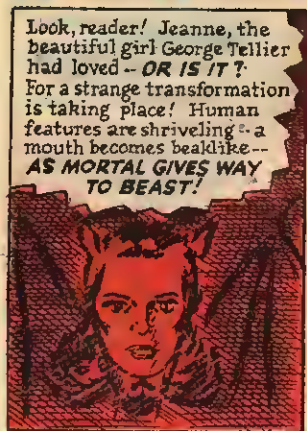
SLEEP WAS FAR FROM GEORGE AS THE STRANGE AND
TERRIBLE EVENTS HE HAD PASSED THROUGH CROWDED
HIS MIND! THEN SUDDENLY--THE CREAKING OF A DOOR--

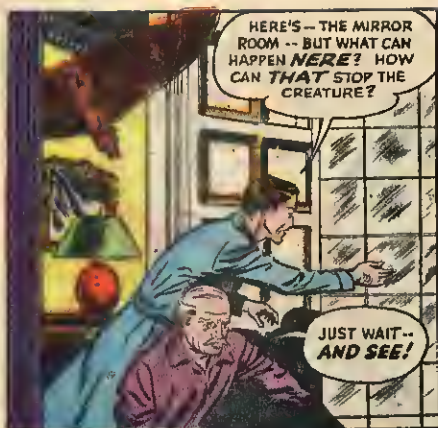
JEANNE!
WHAT ON
EARTH--

I--I OVERHEARD YOUR
CONVERSATION WITH PROFESSOR
GOLLET IN THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE
MY ROOM-- AND IT'S BEEN
TORTURING ME!

OH, GEORGE,
I COULDN'T STAND
IT IF YOU THOUGHT
THAT--

UH-HUH! IT'S ENOUGH THAT
I HAD TO LISTEN TO GOLLET,
WITHOUT ANY MORE SUCH
NONSENSE FROM **YOU!**
REMEMBER, DARLING--
I LOVE YOU!





HERE'S -- THE MIRROR ROOM -- BUT WHAT CAN HAPPEN *HERE*? HOW CAN *THAT* STOP THE CREATURE?

JUST WAIT -- AND SEE!



THE GLINTING MIRRORS REFLECT THE BAT A THOUSANDFOLD! FOR A MOMENT IT PAUSES, HOVERING UNCERTAINLY, AND THEN --

EEEEEEEEE!

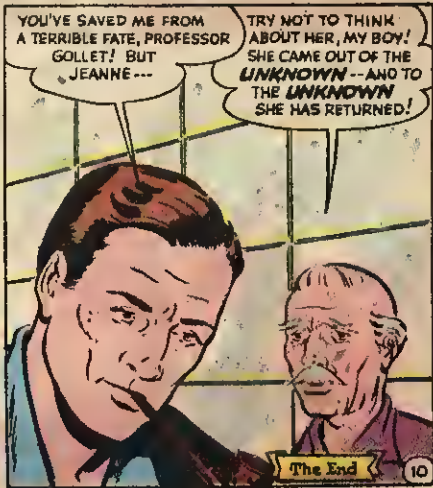


ONCE AGAIN A SUBTLE CHANGE -- AND WHAT HAD A MOMENT AGO BEEN A BAT IS NOW --



SHE'S -- DEAD!

YES... MY STUDIES OF THE SUPERNATURAL TAUGHT ME THAT THERE'S ONLY *ONE* THING A VAMPIRE CAN'T WITHSTAND -- *MIRRORS!*



YOU'VE SAVED ME FROM A TERRIBLE FATE, PROFESSOR GOLLET! BUT JEANNE --

TRY NOT TO THINK ABOUT HER, MY BOY! SHE CAME OUT OF THE *UNKNOWN* -- AND TO THE *UNKNOWN* SHE HAS RETURNED!

The End

CONDEMNED-- to LIVE!

Many are the strange tales which come to us from out of **THE UNKNOWN--** but none stranger than the weird story of **Juan Delbourgo!**

For here was a man who spanned the centuries-- who walked the earth for 400 years!

Countless the evil doers who have been sentenced to death, but here's one who was--

**"CONDEMNED--
TO LIVE!"**



THE OFFICE OF PROFESSOR KENDALL,
DIRECTOR OF THE OCCULT INSTITUTE--

THERE OUGHT TO BE A STORY OUT OF THE FORTY YEARS YOU'VE BEEN DIRECTOR OF A PLACE LIKE THIS! HAS ANYTHING **REALLY** STRANGE EVER HAPPENED TO YOU HERE--ANYTHING THAT WOULD MAKE A GOOD NEWSPAPER YARN?

WELL, THERE'VE BEEN MANY THINGS-- BUT OUT OF ALL OF THEM, THERE'S ONLY **ONE** WHICH I CAN NEVER FORGET! PRETTY UNBELIEVABLE, TOO, BUT SINCE YOU ASKED FOR IT-- **HERE GOES!**

"IT ALL BEGAN TWENTY YEARS AGO, IN THIS VERY SPOT! I WAS WORKING LATE; AND THE INSTITUTE WAS LOCKED FOR THE NIGHT, WHEN SUDDENLY--"

WHO ARE **YOU**-- AND HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE WITH ALL THE DOORS LOCKED?

THE NAME'S **JUAN DELBOURGO**, PROFESSOR KENDALL! AND I'VE GOT WAYS OF GETTING INTO PLACES-- **STRANGE WAYS!**



"THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HIM-- SOMETHING IN HIS DARK AND AGELESS EYES-- WHICH WAS ODD AND DISTURBING! AS A COLD FEAR CLUTCHED AT MY HEART--"

YOU-- YOU'VE GOT NO BUSINESS HERE! **GET OUT!**

YOU DEAL WITH PSYCHIC PHENOMENA, SIR-- YOU MIGHT WANT TO SEE ME! YOU SEE, I'M A **DEAD MAN!**

YOU'RE -- **CRAZY!** I--I WON'T LISTEN TO ANOTHER WORD!

YOU FORCE ME TO TAKE EXTREME MEASURES TO PROVE MY POINT! THIS OLD PISTOL, FOR INSTANCE--

LOOK OUT-- THAT THING'S **LOADED!** DON'T---

BANG!

NO HEART BEAT OR PULSE! HE'S-- **DEAD!**

OPERATOR, GET ME THE POLICE DEPAR-- **WHAT?**

BETTER NOT BE IN SUCH A HURRY TO CALL THE POLICE, PROFESSOR-- I DIDN'T KILL MYSELF! YOU SEE--**YOU CAN'T KILL A DEAD MAN!**

THERE-- THERE'S GOT TO BE A **SCIENTIFIC** EXPLANATION! I'VE GOT IT-- THE PISTOL MUST HAVE CONTAINED JUST POWDER, AND NO BULLET!

STILL HARD TO CONVINCE, EH? **THIS** SHOULD DO IT-- THE BLADE'S STILL KEEN!

YOU-- YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HARM ME-- JUST BECAUSE I WON'T BELIEVE AN IMPOSSIBLE STORY?

HARDLY! I'M JUST GOING TO SHOW YOU THAT THE **IMPOSSIBLE** IS **TRUE!**

GREAT HEAVENS!
YOU'VE DRAWN IT THROUGH
YOUR FLESH -- AND -- AND
YOU'RE NOT
BLEEDING!



"THEN IT WAS THAT CONVICTION CAME --
AND WITH IT, **TERROR!** SOMETHING
INSIDE ME SNAPPED -- I HAD TO GET
AWAY FROM THIS MONSTROUS THING!
I FLED TO MY CAR --"

THANK GOODNESS
I'VE MANAGED TO
ESCAPE! I'VE GOT
TO -- PUT DISTANCE
BETWEEN US!



"AS THE CAR RACED ALONG THE
LONELY ROAD TOWARDS MY
MOUNTAIN HOME --"

THE WIND'S BEGINNING
TO CLEAR MY BRAIN! --
IT **COULDN'T**
HAVE HAPPENED!
I'VE BEEN
OVERWORKING --
I MUST HAVE
IMAGINED
ALL THIS!

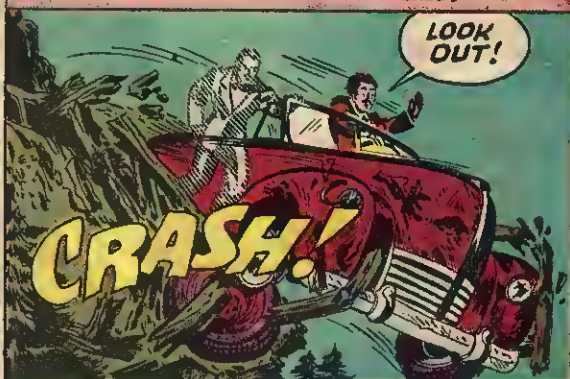
IMAGINED,
PROFESSOR?
I WONDER!



DELBOURGO!



"YES, IT WAS DELBOURGO -- AND I COULD SEE NOW THAT THIS WAS
NO HUMAN! IN PANIC, I TROD ON THE GAS, TRYING TO SHAKE
HIM OFF -- BUT TO NO AVAIL! THEN -- IT HAPPENED!"



LOOK
OUT!

DON'T BE AFRAID!
I'VE GOT YOU --
AND
YOU'RE
SAFE!



"I MUST HAVE FAINTED THEN! THE NEXT THING I
KNEW, I WAS AT HOME, IN MY OWN STUDY!"

WELL? DO
YOU BELIEVE
NOW?

YES, DELBOURGO --
I BELIEVE!



I'VE DELVED INTO THE **UNKNOWN** FOR YEARS-- AND I WON'T FLEE FROM IT BECAUSE IT'S HAPPENING TO **ME!** I KNOW NOW THAT YOU'RE NOT MORTAL-- BUT YOU SEEM SO VITAL, SO **YOUNG!**

YOUNG? YOU CAN JUDGE FOR YOURSELF -- AFTER I TELL YOU THAT I WAS BORN IN MADRID IN **1549!**

BUT-- THAT'S **IMPOSSIBLE!** IT WOULD MAKE YOU **400 YEARS OLD!**

IS IT ANY MORE IMPOSSIBLE THAN THE FACT THAT I'M A **DEAD MAN**-- AND YET WALK AND TALK LIKE YOU DO? LET ME TELL YOU MY STORY, PROFESSOR KENDALL!

"I WAS A WEALTHY, WILFUL YOUNG GRANDEE WHO FELL INTO EVIL COMPANY-- WENT FROM BAD TO WORSE! I WAS NO STRANGER TO MURDER--"

THIS MAKES ALMOST FIFTY PEOPLE THE BLACK-HEARTED DEVIL HAS SLAIN!

"FINALLY I WAS SUMMONED BY THE ONLY MAN I'D EVER CARED FOR -- THE GOOD PADRE, FATHER RAMON! MUDDLED BY STRONG DRINK, I WAS ONLY ANGERED BY HIS WORDS!"

YOU MUST BETTER YOUR WAYS, MY SON! YOUR VERY SOUL IS IN DANGER!

NOBODY TALKS TO ME LIKE THAT! MEN **FEAR** ME -- AND YOU MUST, **TOO!**

"IMPRISONED AND AWAITING EXECUTION, I RECEIVED A SPECTRAL VISITOR FROM THE GREAT BEYOND-- **THE GHOST OF FATHER RAMON!**"

YOU!-- FORGIVE ME FOR WHAT I'VE DONE! I'M GOING TO PERISH FOR IT -- LET THAT BE MY PUNISHMENT!

IT IS NOT ENOUGH FOR YOUR BLACK-HEARTED SINS! DEATH WILL BRING YOU NO RELIEF FROM THE CRIMES THAT HANG HEAVY ON YOUR CONSCIENCE!

"BUT NEXT MORNING --"

GO-- AWAY! WANT TO-- SLEEP--

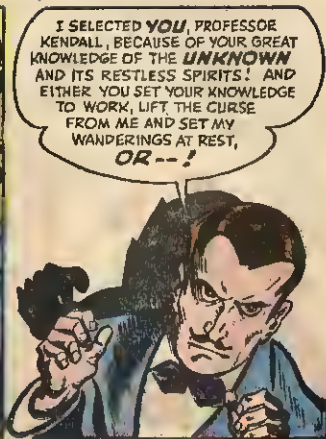
THERE'S LITTLE SLEEP LEFT FOR **YOU** IN THIS WORLD! WE **CHARGE YOU WITH THE MURDER OF FATHER RAMON!**

INSTEAD, YOU MUST WALK THE EARTH THROUGH ETERNITY, KNOWING NEITHER REST NOR PEACE-- UNTIL HATRED IS BANISHED BY **SOMEONE WHO LOVES YOU FOR YOURSELF ALONE!** YOU ARE CONDEMNED-- TO LIVE!



THERE'S -- SOMETHING **BEYOND** YOUR STORY THAT YOU'RE NOT TELLING ME! THE CURSED **UNDEAD** MUST ALWAYS COMMIT **NEW** ACTS OF VIOLENCE! HAVE YOU PICKED **ME** TO ADD TO YOUR BLACK LIST?

PERHAPS -- BECAUSE THE TIME DRAWS NEAR FOR ME TO SEEK ANOTHER VICTIM TO ADD TO MY GUILT! BUT YOU STILL HAVE **ONE CHANCE TO ESCAPE!**



I SELECTED **YOU**, PROFESSOR KENDALL, BECAUSE OF YOUR GREAT KNOWLEDGE OF THE **UNKNOWN** AND ITS RESTLESS SPIRITS! AND EITHER YOU SET YOUR KNOWLEDGE TO WORK, LIFT THE CURSE FROM ME AND SET MY WANDERINGS AT REST, **OR --!**



"FACED WITH A DESPERATE CHOICE, I CALLED ON ALL OF MY OCCULT EXPERIENCE! SPELLS, INCANTATIONS, ANCIENT SYMBOLS -- **ALL FAILED!**"

IT -- IT'S NO USE! I'VE TRIED MY BEST, BUT NOTHING WILL PLACE YOUR SPIRIT AT REST!

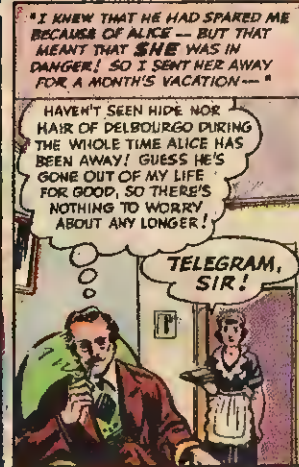
THEN YOU'LL **PAY THE PENALTY -- WITH YOUR LIFE!**

WHY, DADDY -- WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



YOU -- YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS FOR ME TO MEET SOMEONE LIKE **YOU**, MISS KENDALL!

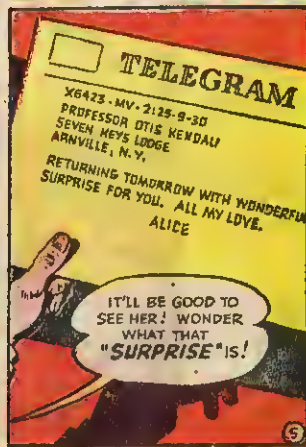
THAT LOOK IN HIS EYE -- I DON'T TRUST IT! I'D BETTER MAKE SURE THAT SHE DOESN'T SEE HIM AGAIN!



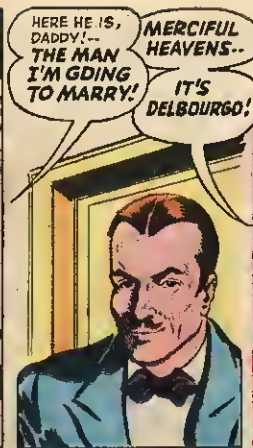
"I KNEW THAT HE HAD SPARED ME BECAUSE OF ALICE -- BUT THAT MEANT THAT **SHE** WAS IN DANGER! SO I SENT HER AWAY FOR A MONTH'S VACATION --"

HAVEN'T SEEN WIDE NOR HAIR OF DELBOURGO DURING THE WHOLE TIME ALICE HAS BEEN AWAY! GUESS HE'S GONE OUT OF MY LIFE FOR GOOD, SO THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT ANY LONGER!

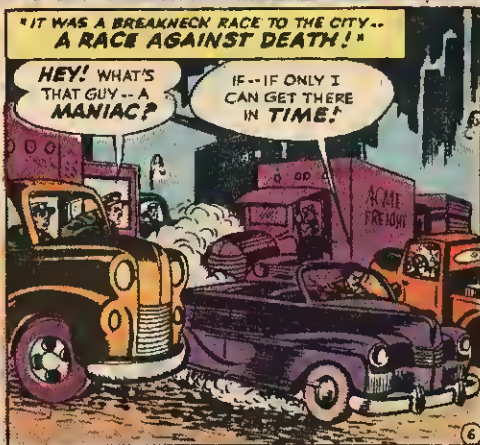
TELEGRAM, SIR!

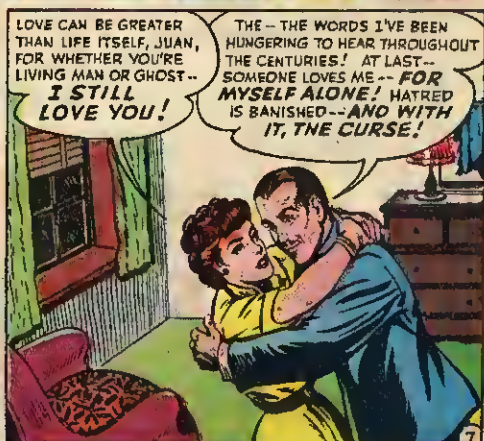


IT'LL BE GOOD TO SEE HER! WONDER WHAT THAT **"SURPRISE"** IS!

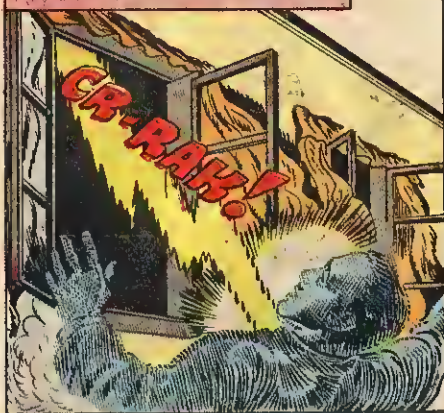


"I KNEW THAT HE WAS EXERCISING SOME STRANGE HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE ON HER -- AN INFLUENCE WHICH MUST LEAD TO HER DOOM! SO I LOCKED HER IN HER ROOM -- BUT WHEN I RETURNED --"

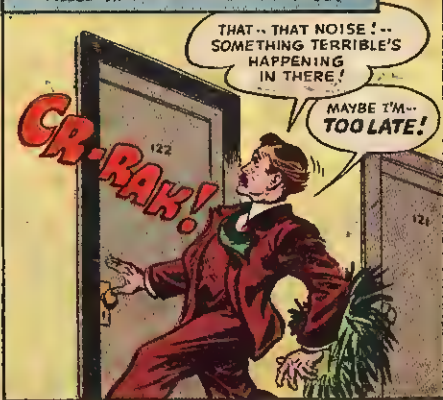




"SUDDENLY... FROM OUT OF THE NIGHT..."



"IT WAS AT THIS MOMENT THAT I ARRIVED,
FILLED WITH TRAGIC FOREBODINGS!"



THAT -- THAT NOISE!...
SOMETHING TERRIBLE'S
HAPPENING
IN THERE!

MAYBE I'M...
TOO LATE!

ALICE -- ALICE!...
IF SHE'S COME
TO HARM --

CRASH!



THANK HEAVEN
YOU'RE SAFE!
WHERE'S -- DELBOURGO?

THAT DUST -- ALL THAT'S
LEFT OF HIM! HE --
HE'S GONE -- BUT OUR
LOVE LIVES ON!



WELL, THAT'S MY STORY, MR. REPORTER!
ALICE DIED A YEAR LATER -- CALL IT A
BROKEN HEART, IF YOU WANT! BUT
I'D LIKE TO THINK THAT
SOMEWHERE, THEY'RE
TOGETHER AGAIN --
AND HAPPY!

WOW!
BUT I
COULDN'T
PRINT A STORY LIKE
THAT NOBODY'D EVER
BELIEVE IT! ARE YOU
SURE IT HAPPENED THE
WAY YOU
SAY?



YOU'RE RIGHT -- NOBODY **WOULD**
BELIEVE IT, WOULD THEY? PERHAPS
I WAS RASH IN REVEALING SUCH AN
INCREDIBLE TALE! MAYBE -- YOU'D
BETTER CHALK IT UP TO THE
WANDERING IMAGINATION OF AN
OLD MAN WHO TOO LONG HAS BEEN
IN TOUCH WITH THE STRANGE THINGS
OF THE
UNKNOWN!

WANDERING
IMAGINATION
OR
FACT?
WHAT DO
YOU
THINK,
READER?

?

THE END

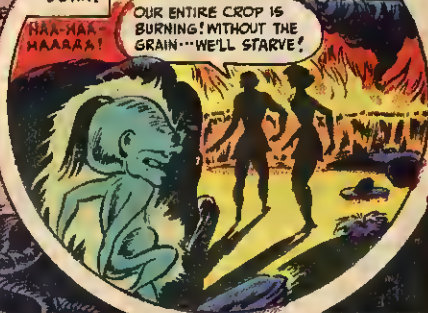
STRANGE SPIRITS

BEWITCHED BALI

AT MIDNIGHT ON THE ISLAND OF BALI, PHANTOMS ARE SAID TO GATHER IN THE CEMETERIES TO BE JUDGED BY DURGA... GODDESS OF THE DEAD!



THE EVIL SOULS, ACCORDING TO SUPERSTITION, ARE CHANGED INTO DEMONS! ONE OF THESE IS THE BUTA... WHO BRINGS DISASTER AT SUN-DOWN!



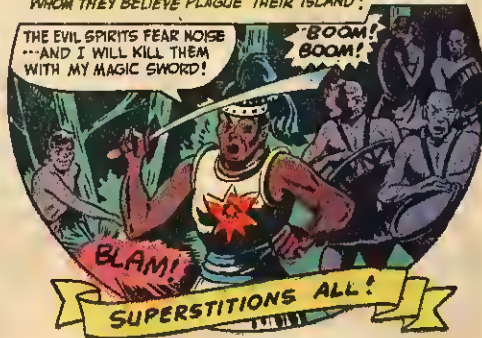
EVEN MORE FEARFUL, NATIVES BELIEVE, ARE THE LEYAKS... WHOSE FLICKERING LIGHTS APPEAR AT GLOOMY CROSSROADS!

NATIVES CLAIM THE LEYAKS ARE SHOULDS... AND ANYONE THEY MEET DISAPPEARS FOREVER!



BUT THE MOST TERRIBLE IMAGINARY DEMON OF ALL IS RANGDA... "QUEEN OF THE EVIL ONES"... WHOSE CURSE BRINGS DOWN EARTHQUAKES AND EPIDEMICS!

SMALL WONDER THAT ONCE A YEAR, THE BALINESE HOLD A NOISY FESTIVAL... HOPING TO FRIGHTEN OFF THE DEMONS WHOM THEY BELIEVE PLAGUE THEIR ISLAND!



The SANDS of the DESERT

THERE'S a great future for oil field engineers in Arabia—but I'm never going back. Not after what happened that day in the sandy, burning wastes of the wild desert, far from the last outposts of civilization. There were three of us—Benson, Collins and myself—and we were engaged in a preliminary surveying tour, having heard that this unknown territory had a rich oil potential. But there was something frightening about the desolate loneliness that confronted us—an air of brooding mystery as if we had invaded a territory forbidden to all mortals. Benson laughed that I was getting desert-happy. As for him—he wasn't leaving Arabia until he had gotten hold of some of this easy money!

Suddenly our attention was distracted by an amazing sight. There, in the midst of all this unexplored emptiness, was an odd spectacle—an ancient stone building with a strange dome, standing alone in the sand. Around it there hung an eerie atmosphere of unknown danger that warned me off—but my companions insisted on a closer look. We reached the old heap, peered through the openwork brass doors. What we saw made us blink. Gold furniture—gold vases—everything gold, and studded with gems as big as marbles! Benson and Collins didn't say anything—they just clawed at the door and pushed.

It didn't occur to me then that there's just one kind of door in Arabia that's never locked—and as for the others, they were too busy trying to roll out a big gold vase to notice what I saw. I could have sworn he hadn't been there a moment ago—an ancient Arab with strangely-glinting eyes, whose timeworn face bore a cruel crescent scar. There was something about him, some strange presence which chilled

me to the core. I tried to tell Collins and Benson to forget the gold and leave this place, but they didn't even listen. So I walked back to the car just as Collins pushed the old man aside. *He* wasn't going to pass up a fortune just because of an old Arab!

From inside, the Arab wailed something that sounded like, "*Afreet! Afreet!*" "*You bet you're afraid!*" grunted Benson—but that isn't what the Arab meant at all. I don't know what came first—the roar, or the slamming blows that sent me flying thirty feet. When I got up, the air was full of hissing sand, and an immense brown thing towered over the building. It caught Collins and Benson as they rushed out, swept them up and hurled them against the masonry. That sometimes happens in sandstorms—but *this* wasn't just sand. It was a giant, a monstrous thing with a head and staring eyes! The eyes turned into shafts of sunlight, and then the huge figure collapsed, and tons of sand swirled down over the bodies of Benson and Collins.

During the week it took to dig them out, I learned what "*afreet*" means. An *afreet*, according to the Arabs, is an evil giant that can be summoned only by a great magician when danger threatened him or any of his property. I asked the laborer who told me this whether there were many such magicians kicking around nowadays. "A few," he grunted as he uncovered Benson's body. "but none as great as Atmar, who was buried here 3,000 years ago! *Atmar—he of the glinting eyes and crescent scar!*"

They never lock tombs in Arabia—and the sands of the desert cover many ancient mysteries.

SPIRIT of FRANKENSTEIN



THE DULL, UNMASTERED
BRAIN STIRS--AND SLOWLY...
THE MASSIVE HAND RISES!



I MANAGED TO DESTROY PROFESSOR PARDAWAY'S GHOST IN MY CYCLOTRON--BUT THE ROBOT STILL HAS PARDAWAY'S BRAIN! ANY KIND OF EVIL INFLUENCE, ACTING ON A MIND LIKE THAT, WILL MAKE THE ROBOT RIP LOOSE--AND I'VE GOT A HUNCH IT'S WAITING FOR JUST SUCH A CHANCE!

BUT SUPPOSE PARDAWAY'S EVIL SPIRIT WASN'T DESTROYED, DAN? I WISH WE KNEW--BEFORE SOMETHING HAPPENS!



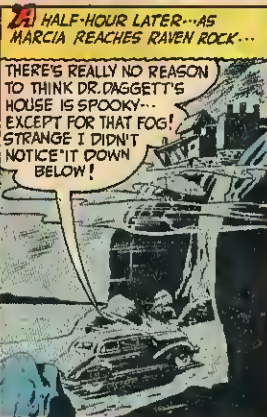
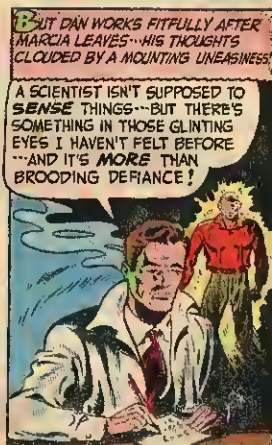
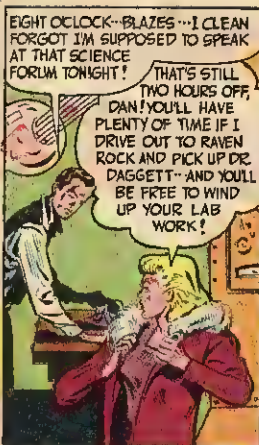
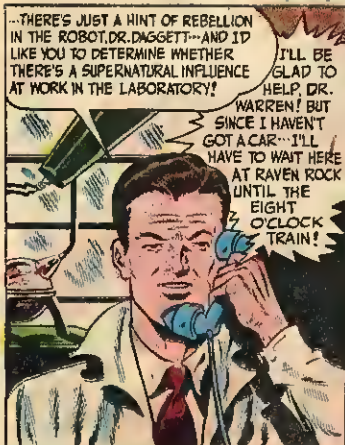
THE GHOST COULD BE LURKING AROUND THE LABORATORY--INVISIBLE--BUT I DON'T THINK SO! BESIDES--THERE'S NO WAY TO CHECK UP ON IT!



BUT THERE IS, DAN! REMEMBER READING ABOUT DR. DAGGETT--THE FAMOUS PSYCHIC INVESTIGATOR? HE'S FREED HUNDREDS OF HOUSES FROM THE GHOSTS THAT HAUNTED THEM--AND HE'D KNOW IF PARDAWAY'S SPIRIT WAS STILL ACTIVE!

I'LL PHONE DR. DAGGETT TO DROP AROUND--AND SEE IF HE CAN DETECT A PHANTOM HERE!





SLOWLY AND SILENTLY, MARCIA TIPTOES DOWN THE CORRIDOR...AND SLOWLY...SILENTLY...THE SHINING EYES ROLL...AND WATCH!



THEN, CUTTING THROUGH THE SILENCE...A VOICE!

DIDN'T I **PROMISE** YOU YOUR POWERS WOULD BE GIVEN FREE REIN? IT'S THERE...WAITING FOR YOU...**IN DAN WARREN'S LABORATORY!**

STRANGE! I WONDER WHAT HE CAN MEAN?



WE MUST BE TALKING ABOUT DAN'S ROBOT... BUT TO WHOM? **WHO'S IN THERE WITH DR. DAGGETT?**

YOU CAN CONTROL THE THING...GIVING IT A WILL AND A PURPOSE IT'S LACKED UNTIL NOW... AND TURNING IT LOOSE AS ONLY YOU KNOW NOW!



THAT'S WHAT HE'S TALKING TO...A ROOM FULL OF HORRIBLE PAINTINGS...JUST LIKE THE ONES IN THE CORRIDOR BACK THERE!



SUDDENLY...

OH-H-H!



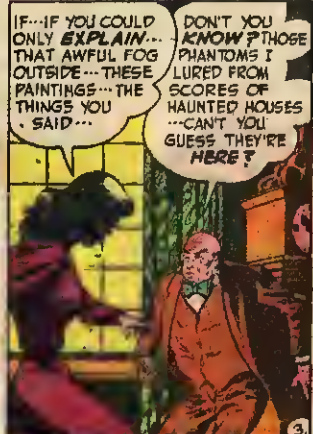
SHADES OF SHED! WHO ARE YOU...AND WHAT BROUGHT YOU HERE?

I'M MARCIA HOLMES! I CAME TO DRIVE YOU TO DAN WARREN'S LABORATORY...BUT I CERTAINLY WISH I HADN'T!



IF...IF YOU COULD ONLY **EXPLAIN...** THAT AWFUL FOG OUTSIDE...THESE PAINTINGS...THE THINGS YOU SAID...

DON'T YOU **KNOW?** THOSE PHANTOMS I LURED FROM SCORES OF HAUNTED HOUSES...CAN'T YOU GUESS THEY'RE HERE?



THERE IS NO MERE INVESTIGATOR OF GHOSTS! HERE, INSTEAD, IS A MAN WHO BENDS SPIRITS TO HIS OWN WILL!



DAGGETT...THE ONE HUMAN IN WHOM THE SPIRITS FELT A STRENGTH GREATER THAN THEIR OWN! THEY'VE WAITED FOR ME TO FIND SOME WAY TO PUT THEIR POWERS TO USE...AND I HAVE FOUND IT...IN THAT ROBOT! HA-HA...DIDN'T DR. WARREN SAY IT WASN'T ENTIRELY UNDER CONTROL?



ONCE MY PHANTOMS TRANSFER THEIR POWER TO THE ROBOT, IT WILL OBEY ME... AND I'LL HAVE HUMANITY AT MY FEET!

THOSE THINGS DON'T REALLY EXIST--THEY CAN'T!



YOU'VE SEEN THE ROBOT FLOODING AROUND WARREN'S LABORATORY... YOU KNOW THAT ISN'T HUMAN... AND YET YOU HOPE TO SHRUG OFF THINGS LIKE THESE! COME FORTH...SHOW HER!



Then...AS IF SUMMONED BY THEIR MASTER...SWIRLING IN A WAVE FROM THE GAPING FRAMES...

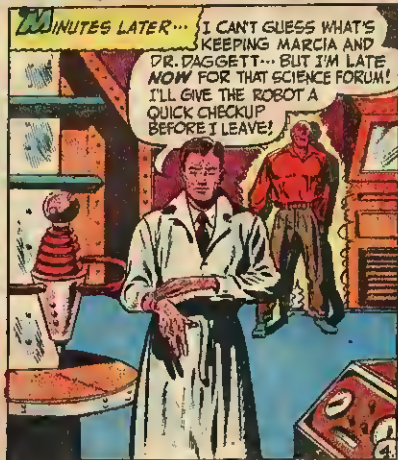
CREATURES FROM OUT OF THE UNKNOWN, ALL OF THEM...AND THEY'RE MINE TO COMMAND!

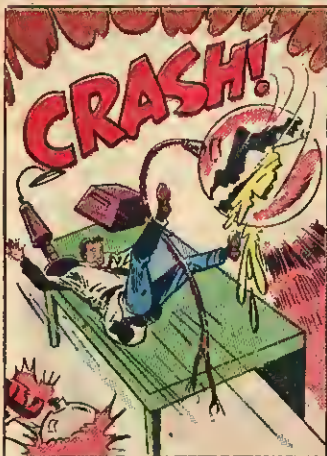
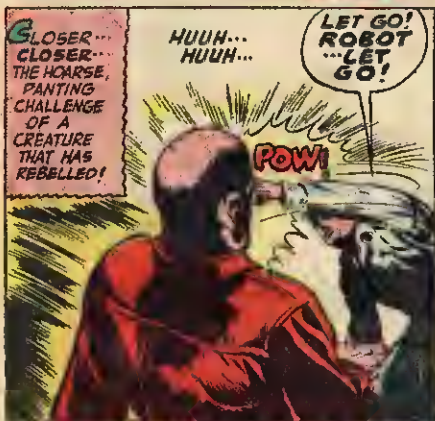


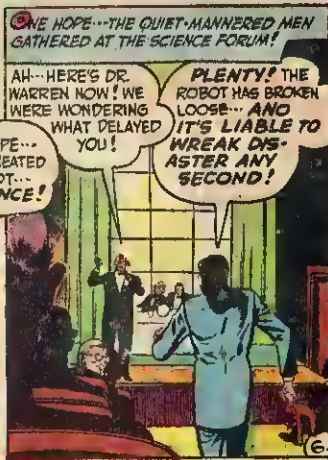
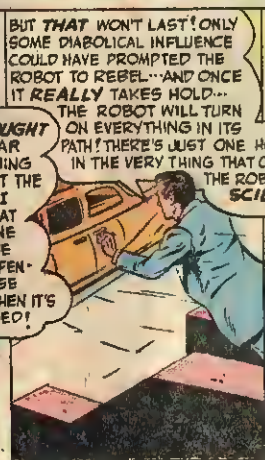
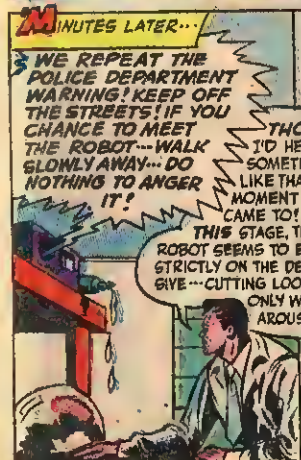
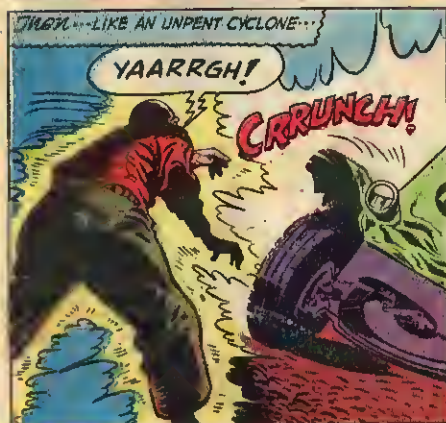
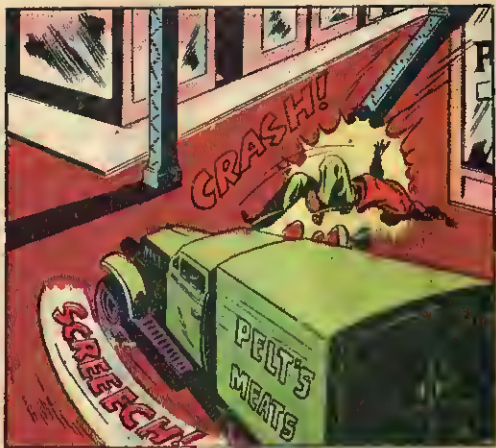
WARREN WON'T SEE THEM...BUT THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY...READY TO GIVE THE ROBOT A POWER NO LIVING THING CAN CHECK! AND IF HE DOES FIND A WAY TO WARD THEM OFF...HE'LL THINK TWICE ABOUT USING IT... WITH HER HERE!



MINUTES LATER... I CAN'T GUESS WHAT'S KEEPING MARCIA AND DR. DAGGETT... BUT I'M LATE NOW FOR THAT SCIENCE FORUM! I'LL GIVE THE ROBOT A QUICK CHECKUP BEFORE I LEAVE!







THE ROBOT IS MY RESPONSIBILITY...BUT IF THERE'S ANYWHERE I CAN FIND HELP, IT'S **HERE!** THIS IS A TEST...A TEST TO PROVE WHETHER WE CAN KEEP OUR GRIP ON THE THINGS WE CREATE...OR HAVE THOSE THINGS TAKEN OVER BY THE EVIL POWERS THAT CAN CONTROL THEM!

PERHAPS PROFESSOR MARSDEN'S NEW SERUM MAY HELP! IT AFFECTS CERTAIN AREAS OF THE BRAIN...DULLING VIOLENT IMPULSES, AND STIMULATING THE REGION GOVERNING CONSCIENCE!



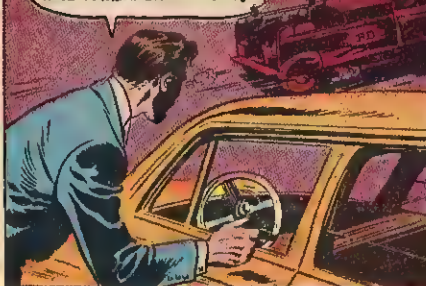
THERE'S A SLIM CHANCE THAT AN EXTRA HEAVY INJECTION MAY HELP, WARREN...BUT IT'S A GAMBLE! IT'S POSSIBLE THE SERUM MAY MAKE THE ROBOT MORE DANGEROUS THAN EVER!

I'LL TAKE THAT CHANCE, PROFESSOR MARSDEN! AN INJECTION IS THE LAST RESORT...**IF I CAN GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE ROBOT!**



DR. DAN RUSHES FROM THE AUDITORIUM...

THEY'VE PROBABLY GOT A LINE ON THE ROBOT! AND IF IT'S CORNERED...I'LL HAVE TO ACT BEFORE IT'S GOADED INTO A MURDEROUS FURY!



HALF-WAY ACROSS TOWN...POLICE SEARCHLIGHTS ARE TRAINED ON A NARROW ALLEY!

EASY, NOW...WE'LL FIRE TOGETHER...AND KEEP BLASTING AWAY UNTIL IT DROPS!

WAIT! FOR THE LOVE OF PETE...**DON'T FIRE!**



I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU FOR A MOMENT, DR. WARREN! SORRY... BUT WE'VE GOT OUR ORDERS TO DESTROY THAT THING!

THERE ISN'T A BULLET MADE THAT CAN PIERCE THE THREE-INCH ARMOR PLATE SHIELDING ITS NERVOUS SYSTEM! GUNFIRE WILL MAKE IT RUN HOG-WILD...AND RUN MY CHANCE TO USE THIS!



BUT THE CREATURE AT BAY IS NO LONGER A MERE ROBOT! IT WAITS WITH A CRAFTINESS THAT IS HALF-HUMAN...AND HALF ROOTED IN NAMELESS EVIL!

TRYING TO LURE ME INTO SHAKING HANDS AGAIN, EH? I'LL OUTWIT IT--BY PRETENDING I'VE FALLEN FOR THE TRICK!

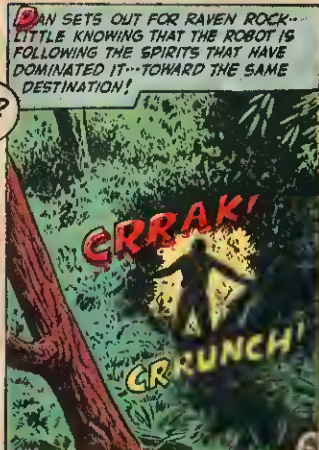
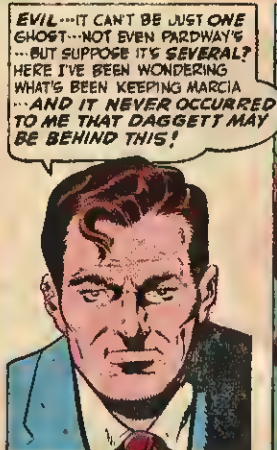
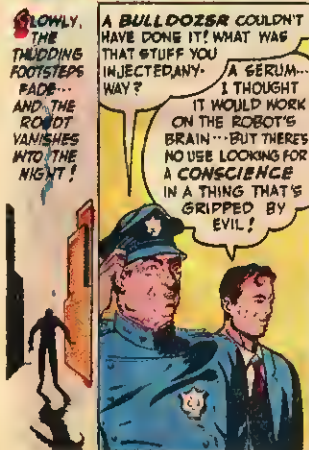
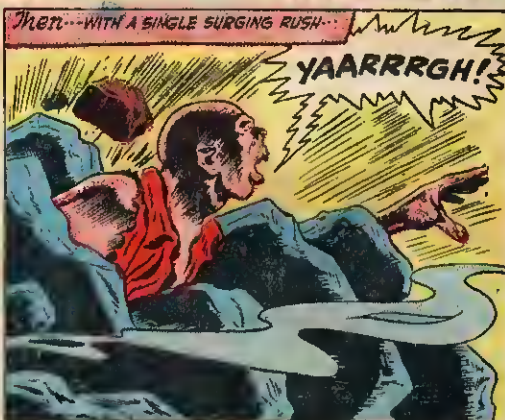
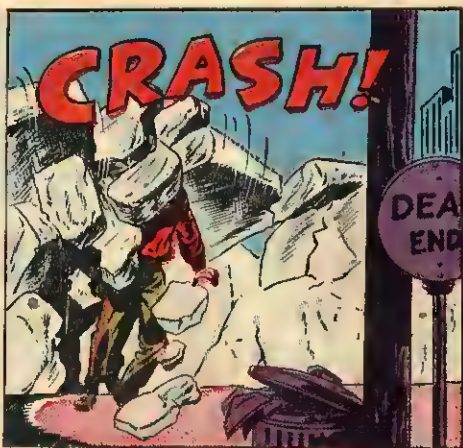
WANT TO SHAKE HANDS, ROBOT?

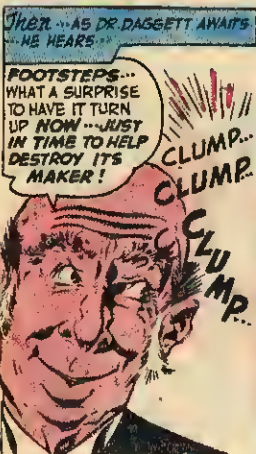
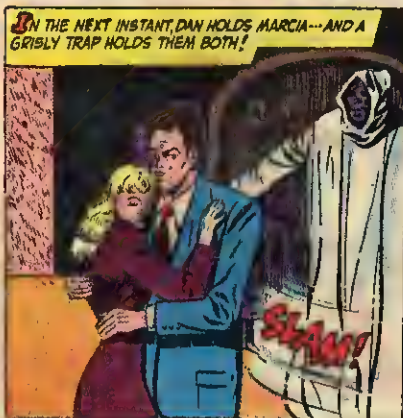


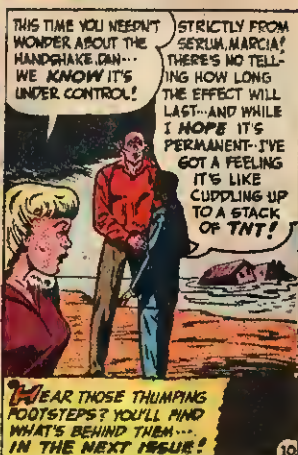
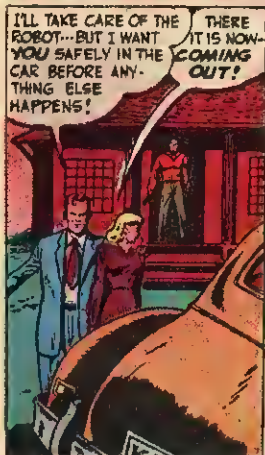
Then...WITH A DESPERATE LUNGE...

YAARRRGH!









TRUE GHOSTS OF HISTORY

"The Case of The Malignant Mummy"



TRUE GHOSTS? It sounds strange, because there's no **SCIENTIFIC** evidence that spirits exist! But history records many strange and unexplained facts - and none stranger than this eerie tale!

DURING THE EARLY PART OF THE 20TH CENTURY, A BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION SEARCHING THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN RUINS AT THEBES FOUND -

WHAT A FIND! THE MUMMY OF AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS 3500 YEARS OLD - A PRIESTESS OF THE TEMPLE OF AMMON-RA!

YES - BUT THIS INSCRIPTION IS SOMETHING YOU WON'T LIKE AS MUCH!



IT - IT'S A **WARNING** TO ANYONE WHO DARES DISTURB THESE REMAINS! IT SAYS **TRAGEDY** WILL BEFALL WHOEVER COMES IN CONTACT WITH THE MUMMY!

A **CURSE**, EH? DON'T TELL ME YOU PUT ANY STOCK IN THAT STUFF! HA-HA!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER -

GUESS I'LL TRY A LITTLE TARGET PRACTICE! - BY THE WAY, HOW'S THE **MUMMY'S CURSE** GETTING ALONG?

LAUGH IF YOU WANT TO - BUT I FEEL STRANGELY **UNEASY** ABOUT THE WHOLE THING!



GREAT HEAVENS!

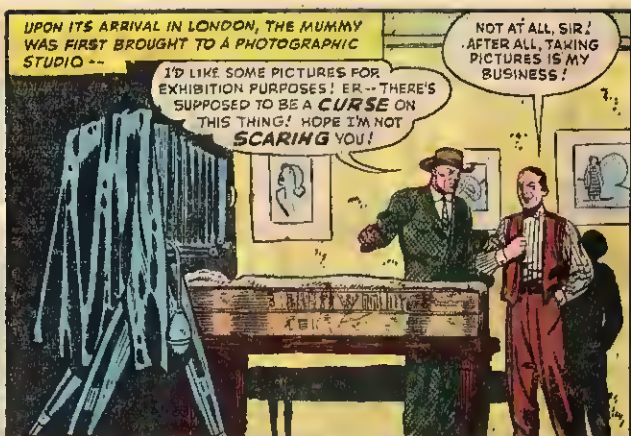
AN ACCIDENT, YOU SAY?
PERHAPS! BUT THE
WOUNDED MAN LOST HIS
RIGHT ARM -- AND SHORTLY
AFTERWARD, IN THE SAME
YEAR, ANOTHER MEMBER
OF THE ILL-FATED
EXPEDITION WAS SHOT
AND KILLED!

AND THE LEADER, WHO
NOW OWNED THE MUMMY,
RETURNED TO ENGLAND--
ONLY TO FIND THAT
HE'D BEEN ROBBED
OF HIS ENTIRE
FORTUNE!

UPON ITS ARRIVAL IN LONDON, THE MUMMY
WAS FIRST BROUGHT TO A PHOTOGRAPHIC
STUDIO --

I'D LIKE SOME PICTURES FOR
EXHIBITION PURPOSES! ER-- THERE'S
SUPPOSED TO BE A **CURSE** ON
THIS THING! HOPE I'M NOT
SCARING YOU!

NOT AT ALL, SIR!
AFTER ALL, TAKING
PICTURES IS MY
BUSINESS!



BUT ONLY A SINGLE
HOUR LATER --

LISTEN -- IT
SOUNDS AS IF SOME-
ONE'S **CRAZY** IN
THERE! WE-- WE'D
BETTER CALL A
CONSTABLE!



THE CAMERA -- **IT SAW
THE TRUTH!** THAT FACE--
THAT FACE!

WONDER IF **THIS**
IS THE PICTURE HE'S
BABBLING ABOUT--
**OH, MY
HEAVENS!**



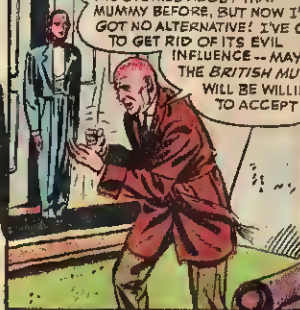
ONLY THE PHOTOGRAPHER HAD
TAKEN THIS PICTURE, AND NO
LIVING SOUL HAD TAMPERED
WITH HIS EQUIPMENT! BUT
THE PICTURE SHOWED NOT
THE SHRIVELED FEATURES
OF A LONG-DEAD MUMMY--
BUT A LIVING BEING
OF **MALIGNANT
EVIL!**

A MESSENGER'S BROUGHT
THE REPORT THAT THE PHOTOGRAPHER
JUST DIED, SIR -- **OF AN ILLNESS
NO PHYSICIAN COULD
DIAGNOSE!**

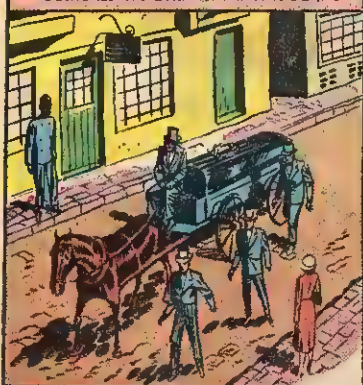
THAT SETTLES IT!
I DIDN'T WANT TO BELIEVE
THE STORIES ABOUT THAT
MUMMY BEFORE, BUT NOW I'VE
GOT NO ALTERNATIVE! I'VE GOT
TO GET RID OF ITS EVIL
INFLUENCE -- MAYBE
THE **BRITISH MUSEUM**
WILL BE WILLING
TO ACCEPT IT!

AH! **L-22-542--**
THE NEW MUMMY!
JUDGING FROM THE
STORIES I'VE
HEARD, YOU SHOULD
BE AFRAID TO
EVEN DELIVER
IT!

WHAT-- A BIG,
STRONG CHAP
LIKE ME? I'D
LIKE TO
SEE THE MUMMY THAT'O
SCARE ME!



BUT WITHIN A WEEK-- THE MAN WHO HAD DELIVERED THE EVIL MUMMY WAS DEAD!



OMINOUS STORIES OF THE MUMMIFIED PRINCESS-PRIESTESS SOON SPREAD THROUGHOUT ENGLAND!

THIS IS THE ARM I TOUCHED THE MUMMY CASE WITH! BROKE IT NEXT DAY!

I WALKED AS WELL AS ANYBODY--TILL I SAW THAT AWFUL THING!

IT WAS THE DAY AFTER I SAW IT THAT MY HOUSE BURNED DOWN!



AND AT THE MUSEUM---

SORRY, SIR, BUT THE MEN THREATEN TO STRIKE IF THE MUMMY'S KEPT ON EXHIBIT! THEY'RE SCARED OF IT-- AND SO AM I!

BUT CURIOSITY-SEEKERS STILL WANT TO SEE IT!-- ALL RIGHT! I'LL WITHDRAW IT, BUT KEEP THIS QUIET!



AND SO THE ORIGINAL PRINCESS WAS HIDDEN, AND IN HER PLACE WAS SUBSTITUTED A CLEVER IMITATION! BUT THE DECEPTION WAS SOON DISCOVERED BY AN AMERICAN ARCHEOLOGIST---



THIS ISN'T THE SAME MUMMY THEY HAD ON DISPLAY LAST WEEK-- IT'S A FAKE! WONDER WHERE THE REAL ONE IS--AND WHETHER I COULD GET HOLD OF IT!

QUINTUS OF EGYPTIAN PRINCESS- PRIESTESS OF TEMPLE OF AMMON CIRCA 1500 B.C.

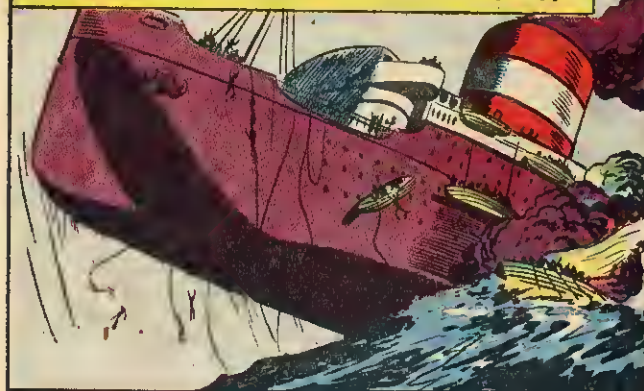
CONTACTING THE MUSEUM AUTHORITIES, THE AMERICAN OFFERED TO TAKE THE REAL MUMMY TO THE UNITED STATES!

HIS OFFER WAS ACCEPTED PROMPTLY-- WHY?

TO DISPOSE OF THE CURSE--AND ITS REIGN OF TERROR?

LET'S CONSULT THE RECORD FOR WHAT HAPPENED NEXT!

ON APRIL 15TH, 1912, ABOARD A SHIP BOUND FOR AMERICA, CAME THE FINAL AND STRONGEST MANIFESTATION OF THE MUMMY'S CURSE!



AND SO, AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN, LIES A GREAT SHIP--AND A 3500-YEAR-OLD MUMMY WHOSE EVIL CAREER IS FOREVER ENDED!

THE SHIP WHOSE SINKING MARKED THE MUMMY'S GREATEST MALEVOLENCE WAS THE **TITANIC!**

DID THIS ANCIENT EGYPTIAN CURSE REALLY SPAN THE CENTURIES? WHAT DO YOU THINK?

EDITOR



Gather 'round, all you ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN fans—and let's chat!

This is a big moment for us—the moment when we can announce the first results of our great reader contest! These have been hectic days in the editorial sanctum, with the postman groaning under the weight of thousands of entries. Frankly, we never dreamed of the extent of our readers' personal adventures into the *Unknown*, nor how fascinating these adventures could be. It made our job of selecting the best a difficult one. As a matter of fact, we received so many great stories that we wished that it was within our power to award a thousand prizes. But since that couldn't be, we plunged resolutely into our task—and came up with a lalapaloosa in our Grand Prize Contest Winner! You'll find it presented as a complete and captivating picture story in this issue—"Journey Into The Unknown," by Lynneal H. Diamond, of Mallary, New York. Congratulations, Mr. Diamond, on one of the most gripping and challenging yarns ever! By this time you've received your first prize winner's check—and we hope you like the way we've portrayed your fine story in picture form!

We hope you'll enjoy "Journey Into The Unknown" as much as we did, readers. There's more enjoyment ahead—because in our next issue, we're going to announce our second and third prize winners and present their stories under their own names. Don't miss this succeeding issue—who knows, you may find your name there!

Okay—let's talk of other things now. It's nice being able to sit down with you folks and let our hair down. Putting out a magazine like this is fun. It's swell to deal with a fascinating subject like the *Unknown*, and to publish the tense and gripping stories of the Supernatural that all of us seem to enjoy so much. We've really gone to town in this issue—and we'd like to know your reactions. Why not write us, telling which of our tales you liked best, and what you'd like us to feature in future issues? Remember, we're always anxious to hear from you!

We've heard from many of our readers—like to know what they're saying? Here goes with a couple!

"I have every issue of 'ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN' that you have published so far, and I think that they are all super. I believe that it is the best organized and best drawn book on the stands. My favorite kind of stories are the 'age-old specter' type, such as 'The Living Ghost' in your first issue and 'Out of the Unknown' in your second. I would like to see more of 'The Living Ghost' in your future issues. Next to these, I enjoy reading the 'curse' stories such as 'The Castle of Otranto' and 'The Old Tower's Secret,' and ones like 'The Vampire Prowls,' 'Do Such Things exist,' 'The Affair of Room 1313' and 'The Women Were Black.' I would like to see this magazine published every month, but I am happy that it is bimonthly instead of quarterly as it was going to be. Enclosed please find my \$1.20 for a 12-issue subscription."

R. L. Flanagan
Graeagle, Cal.

"I am 13 years old and have been reading comics since I was six. In all that time, I have never come across a comic that I have enjoyed so much as 'ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN.' The stories are wonderful and are especially well-drawn. I have read each issue as much as eight times. Enclosed is my \$1.20 for a 12-issue subscription. Keep on with your super comic! Oh, by the way, while I was watching 'Child's World' on television (they were discussing the topic of comics) several participants picked your magazine as their favorite. Personally, I think everybody likes your comic."

HIP-HIP-HOORAY FOR 'ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!'

David Harfeld
2302 Ocala Ave.
Baltimore, Md.

Well—it's been nice talking to you, folks! So long—see you in the next issue!

Notice to all readers! We have received many letters telling us of difficulties in obtaining our issues. If your newsdealer doesn't have "ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN," please send us his name and address, and we'll try to see that he has it for you in the future.

HERE IT IS, FOLKS... OUR GRAND PRIZE CONTEST-WINNER!

"JOURNEY *into* the UNKNOWN"

by LYNNEAL H. DIAMOND

IS REINCARNATION A FACT? HERE'S A STORY THAT POINTS OUT A THRILLING ANSWER... WHEN 23 YOUNG PEOPLE FROM A SOUTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY INVADE THE FOUR CORNERS COUNTRY IN A SEARCH FOR TORREANS'... STONE TOWERS BUILT BY ANCIENT INDIANS!



YOUNG PROFESSOR BILL SAUSAGE HEADED OUR EXPEDITION AS WE VEERED INTO WILD COUNTRY! WE HAD THOUGHT TO OBTAIN NAVAJO GUIDES, BUT...

THAT'S RIGHT, POP! WE'RE IN SEARCH OF A FABLED CITY OF TORREANS, SUPPOSED TO BE HIDDEN IN THE INTERIOR SOMEWHERE NEAR HERE!

NO INDIAN GUIDE YOU THERE! BAD MEDICINE--EVIL SPIRITS HAUNT PLACE! I HEAR STORIES TOLD BY MY ANCESTORS--

ANCIENT PEOPLE BUILD TOWERS LONG BEFORE WHITE MAN CAME TO THIS LAND! THEY HAVE MANY JEWELS, MUCH GOLD! BY AND BY COME BAD TRIBE AND MUCH FIGHTING! PEOPLE OF TORREANS ALL KILLED!

BAD INDIANS NOW THINK TO OWN RICHES, BUT THEY WRONG! GREAT GOD MAN! YOU NOW ANGERED AND EVERYTIME THEY TRY TO ENTER PASS TO CITY OF TORREANS SOMETHING STRANGE HAPPEN!

UGH!

CRASH!

MAGIC! INVISIBLE WALL HOLDS US BACK!

BAD PEOPLE, MUCH SCARED--FLEE! BY AND BY COME PALEFACED MEN IN SHINING ARMOR, SEEKING GOLD--ALWAYS GOLD! THEY TOO, CANNOT ENTER--UNTIL INDIAN GIRL BRING IN ONE OF THEM!

I HAVE BETRAYED MY TRIBE FOR YOU, RODERIGO--BUT IF IT IS WEALTH YOU CRAVE...

NO, MANALORA! HAVEN'T YOU GUESSED? I... LOVE YOU!

SO YOUNG SPANISH SOLDIER LEAVE WITH-OUT GOLD! OTHER WHITE MEN ANGRY--SLAY HIM!

YOU'RE LYING, YOU TRAITOR--YOU'VE HIDDEN THE GOLD FOR YOURSELF! DIE!

BUT I-- ARGH!



MANALORA GRIEVE FOR LOST LOVER—SEEK REVENGE! SHE BRINGS INDIANS FROM SURROUNDING COUNTRY—WIPE OUT SPANISH!



ALL THIS HAPPEN MANY CENTURIES AGO, BUT VALLEY OF TORREANS NOW CURSED BY EVIL SPIRITS! NO ONE GO THERE...BEST YOU NOT GO!

NONSENSE...YOU JUST DON'T WANT US DIGGING UP YOUR PRECIOUS RELICS! BUT HANG IT...WE CAN'T FIND THE PLACE WITHOUT A GUIDE!

I DON'T KNOW NOW, BUT I... I THINK I CAN GUIDE OUR PARTY THERE!

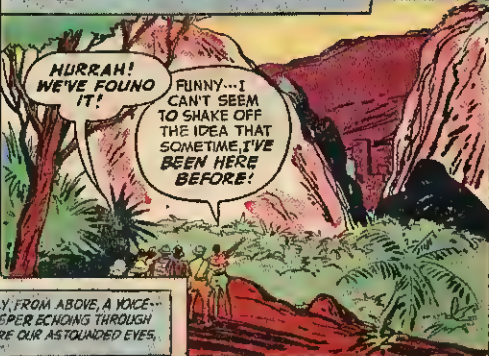


YOU PROFESSOR SAVAGE TOLD... BUT NOW? A HIDDEN VALLEY WITH NO MAPS... AND YOU'VE NEVER SEEN THERE!

YES, I KNOW IT! BUT AN ODD, DREAMLIKE FEELING SEIZED ME SUDDENLY... AS IF SOMETIME LONG AGO, I HAD PENETRATED THE VALLEY... AND KNEW IT LIKE THE PALM OF MY OWN HAND!



WE TRUSTED OURSELVES TO BILL SAVAGE'S STRANGE INSTINCT! GUIDED BY WHAT SEEMED A WEIRD DREAM, WE STRUGGLED THROUGH THE WILD INTERIOR FOR THREE DAYS! FINALLY...



HURRAH! WE'VE FOUND IT!

FUNNY...I CAN'T SEEM TO SHAKE OFF THE IDEA THAT SOMETIME, I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE!

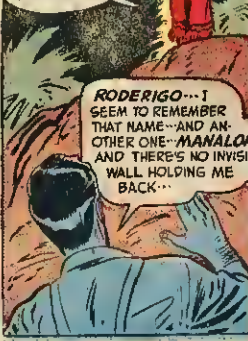
BUT IT WAS AS THE OLD INDIAN HAD TOLD US... WHEN WE TRIED TO ENTER THE PASS...



WHAT STORY...IT WAS THAT AN INVISIBLE WALL'S KEEPING US OUT!

SUDDENLY, FROM ABOVE, A VOICE... A WHISPER ECHOING THROUGH THE TREES... BEFORE OUR ASTONISHED EYES, WE SAW...

RODERIGO...YOU'VE COME AGAIN! IN THE NAME OF OUR ANCIENT LOVE, I BID YOU PASS FREELY INTO THE VALLEY OF THE TORREANS!



RODERIGO...I SEEM TO REMEMBER THAT NAME...AND ANOTHER ONE...MANALORA! AND THERE'S NO INVISIBLE WALL HOLDING ME BACK...

NIGHT FELL...AND BILL SAVAGE HADN'T RETURNED TO OUR ENCAMPMENT! BUT THE NEXT MORNING...



HE'S BACK...AND LOOK AT HIM!

THAT'S OLD SPANISH ARMOR HE'S WEARING! I...I DON'T GET IT!

"ONE AWAKENED IN IT—HE HAD NO MEMORY OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED, AND CLAIMED THE ARMOR WAS A JOKE SOMEONE MUST BE PLAYING ON HIM! THEN, SUDDENLY, THE THUDDING OF HOOFES! TOWARD US CAME..."

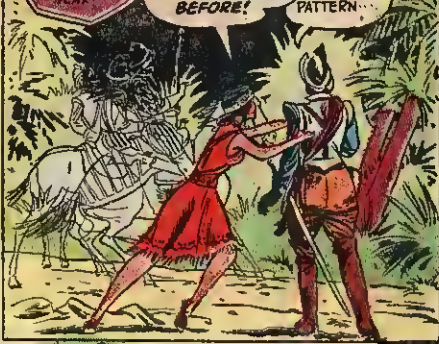
WHAT THE...
ANCIENT
SPANISH
SOLDIERS!
BUT THEY'RE
TRANSPARENT!
THEY'RE...
GHOSTS!



AS IF
HYPNOTIZED,
SAUVAGE MOVED
TOWARDS THEM!
BUT AS HE DREW
NEAR...

RODERIGO
...NO! KEEP
AWAY FROM
THEM! REMEMBER
WHAT HAPPENED
BEFORE!

I MUST—GO ON,
MANLORA! SOME-
THING INSIDE OF
ME—REPEATING
AN OLD
PATTERN...



YOU'RE LYING,
YOU TRAITOR... YOU'VE
HIDDEN THE GOLD
FOR YOURSELF!

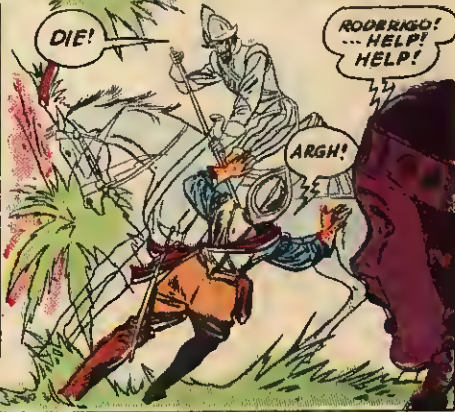
YOU SAY—YOU
WANT... THE RICHES
I TOOK FROM THE
VALLEY OF THE
TORREANG? BUT
...I TOOK
NONE!



DIE!

RODERIGO!
...HELP!
HELP!

ARGH!



THEN BEFORE OUR ASTONISHED EYES, CAME A
STRANGE VISION! FLASHING ONTO THE SCENE CAME
SPECTRAL ROBBER, FALLING UPON THE SPANISH! IT
WAS AS THE OLD INDIAN HAD TOLD US!



IN A FLASH, THEY DISAPPEARED!
SHAKEN, WE RETURNED TO OUR TENTS
...WHERE A MORE STUNNING SURPRISE
AWAITED US!

HOLY SMOKE...
LOOK! IT'S PROFESSOR
SAUVAGE, SAFE AND ALIVE
...JUST AS HE WAS—AS
IF NONE OF THIS HAD
EVER
HAPPENED!



AND SO ENDS THE
STRANGE STORY OF
BILL SAUVAGE AND THE
FABLED VALLEY OF THE
TORREANGS! WHAT IS THE EX-
PLANATION? WHAT IS BILL A
REINCARNATION OF
RODERIGO, THE ANCIENT
SPANISH SOLDIER? WAS
HIS FANTASTIC ADVENTURE
REALLY A JOURNEY
INTO THE UNKNOWN?
...WHAT DO YOU THINK,
READER?



The MOSS MAN

THERE it was in the paper—the article announcing the discovery of bactolyte, the new germ-killer derived from moss. Hodgins scanned it eagerly, and felt a hot rage boiling up within him. For the newspaper attributed the discovery entirely to Alvin McReady, carrying only a slight mention of the fact that one Hodgins—even the name was misspelled—had served as the great man's assistant! It had always been that way for the last twenty years, Hodgins felt—he had shared equally in the work, and McReady had usurped the credit! During all this time, Hodgins had said nothing—merely brooded. And when a man, even a scientist, broods for twenty years, a deadly solution is sometimes decided in seconds.

Unpremeditated, it all happened in a blaze of fiery anger. No one saw Hodgins swing the shovel—least of all McReady, who was stooping to examine the last clump of moss he would ever see. It was done, and there was no time for useless regrets. Better for Hodgins to hide the evidence of his crime, and quickly! The spot was ideal for his purpose, a hidden hollow about a hundred feet from the laboratory which the two men had shared for so long. There—it was done, and the hole he had dug was filled in. Hastily, Hodgins threw a few clumps of moss over the raw earth, knowing that it would help to hide the signs of digging. It was funny, in a way—McReady, the great expert on moss, and now it marked his tomb!

It was a morbid fascination that drew Hodgins back to the scene of his crime next day. Curious, the way that patch of moss he had laid seemed to have moved—at least six feet nearer the laboratory! And he was positive that it hadn't possessed that strange shape before, with that roughly shaped protuberance at one end almost suggesting a human head. Strange, the way moss could grow. It called for

scientific study, and Hodgins determined to return next day for further observations.

The following morning found the odd patch of moss ten feet nearer the laboratory. It seemed to have grown strange, bristly tufts at the round end, the head end—almost like hair. And as the days passed, he noted a peculiar growth—appendages that seemed almost like arms and legs. And always—that steady, relentless creeping towards the laboratory! As a man, Hodgins was terrified, but as a scientist, fascinated. Here was a phenomenon he could study and report on alone, without McReady to usurp the credit. He spent hours with a turf fork, getting the thing up intact and trundling it in a wheelbarrow to McReady's quarters. Now that he kept the door closed, it was dark and dank in there—a good growing place for moss. Especially if that's where the moss wanted to be, and there was no longer any doubt of that.

Yes, the moss grew. Hodgins could hear it growing—what else could explain those sounds of stealthy motion behind the closed door? And later there were other noises, sounding almost like panting breath. It was at this point that Hodgins started laughing at himself. It was ridiculous for him, a scientist, to entertain the strange fears that crowded his mind. It was a new type of moss, that was all—a fast-growing, oddly-shaped specimen that would make him famous as its discoverer. Then why did his heart beat faster as the sounds from the closed room grew in intensity? Why was he trembling at that clumping noise, like muffled footsteps coming nearer, nearer?

That creek—it was the door opening. And the last thing that Hodgins ever saw was a monstrous green thing on the threshold—a green thing in the weird shape of a man, arms outstretched to grasp him.

THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE

ALMOST FINISHED...I HOPE!
EVEN A GHOUL WOULDN'T RELISH
THIS JOB! POOR GRANNY! IT
WAS SWEET OF HER TO LEAVE
ME THIS HOUSE AND ITS
BELONGINGS WHEN SHE
DIED, BUT...WHAT'S
THIS?

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN FACE-TO-FACE WITH
THE DEVIL? HAS HE EVER APPROACHED YOU
IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT AND PROMISED YOU
ANYTHING YOU WISH IN EXCHANGE FOR
YOUR SOUL? OF COURSE NOT!...FOR STORIES
OF THIS SORT ARE FANTASY! BUT LET'S UNLEASH
THE BRIDLE OF IMAGINATION FOR A WHILE...AND
CONSIDER WHAT A STRANGE ADVENTURE
INTO THE UNKNOWN SUCH AN ENCOUNTER
WOULD BE!

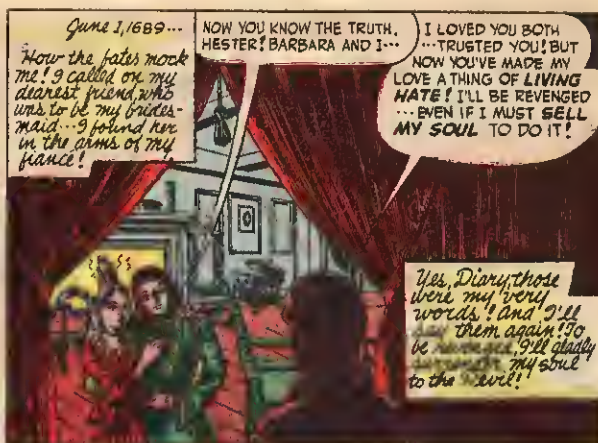
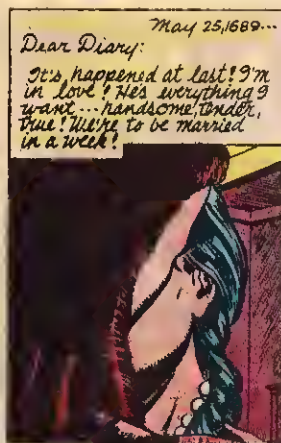
WHY, IT'S A *DIARY*! I REMEMBER
SEEING IT WHEN I WAS A CHILD
...AND GRANNY WOULDN'T LET
ME OPEN IT!

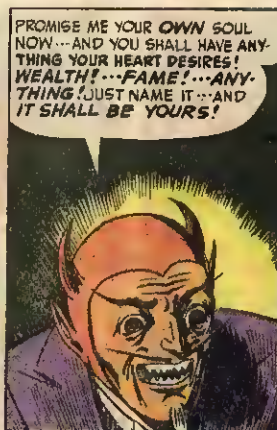
HESTER PRINCE! I'VE
HEARD THAT NAME...SHE
WAS A GREAT-GREAT-GREAT
AUNT WHO LIVED ABOUT
260 YEARS AGO!
GRANNY USED TO SPEAK
OF HER SOMETIMES...BUT
ALWAYS IN A WHISPER,
AS IF SHE FEARED SOME
UNSEEN EVIL!

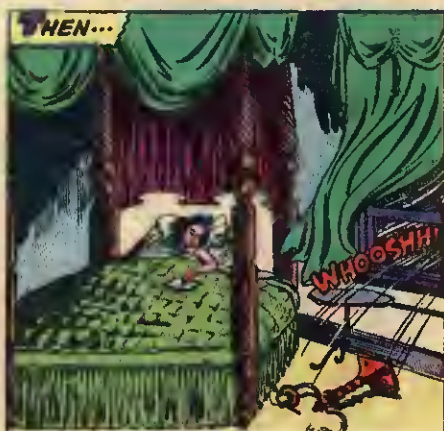
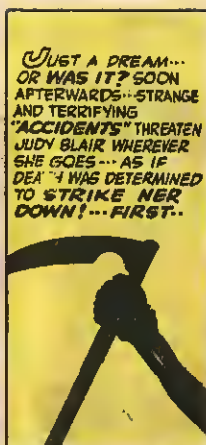
POOR HESTER! I KNOW HOW
SHE FELT...I'VE GOT A HUNGRY
YEARNING FOR 'MR. RIGHT'
MYSELF...WONDER IF
SHE EVER FOUND LOVE?

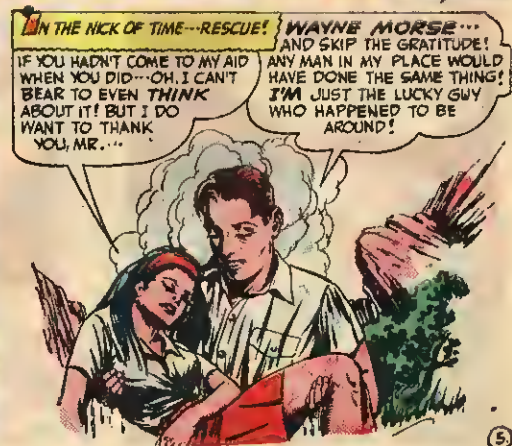
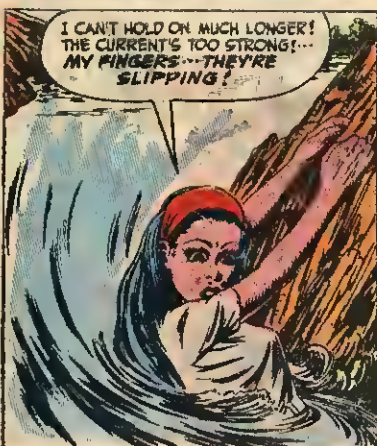
April 8, 1689...

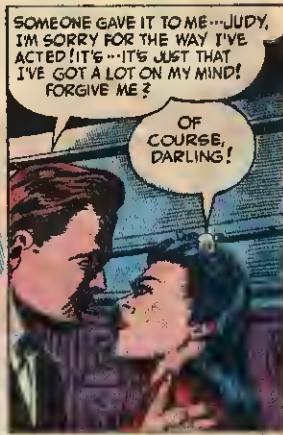
Why am I without
love...when other
girls, less pretty than
I, have found a mate?
It isn't fair! Will I
ever meet the man of
my dreams?

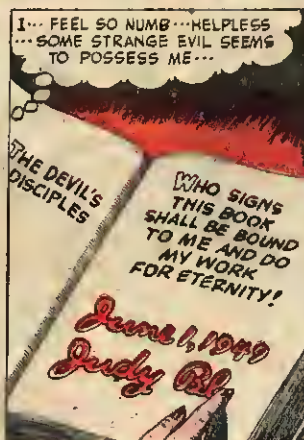
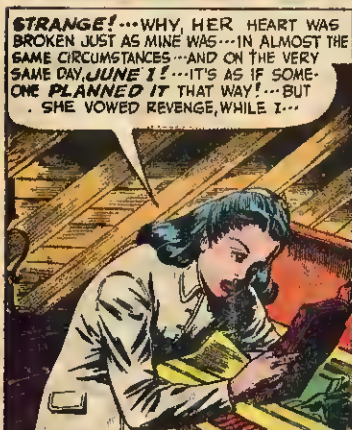


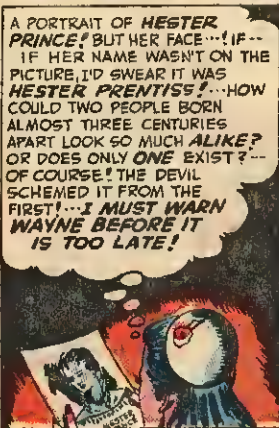














THAT'S HIS CAR COMING NOW! IF I CAN ONLY FLAG HIM DOWN---



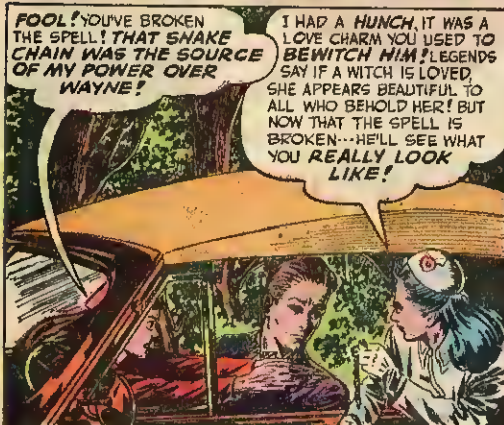
WAYNE...STOP! THE BRIDGE HAS COLLAPSED! YOU'LL CRASH IN THE RAVINE!

DON'T LISTEN TO HER! SHE'S LYING!



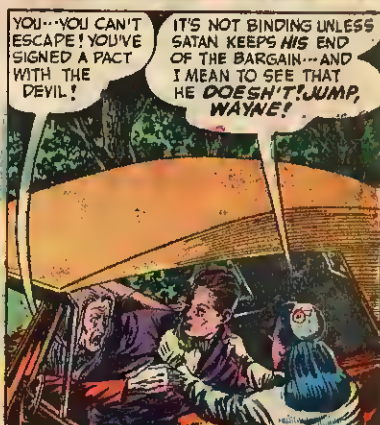
YOU WITCH! YOUR NAME ISN'T HESTER PRENTISS---IT'S HESTER PRINCE! YOU'RE A CREATURE OF THE DEVIL...LURING WAYNE TO HIS DEATH SO SATAN CAN CLAIM ME AS HE DID YOU! BUT I'LL MAKE SURE NEITHER OF YOU SUCCEED!

NO! STOP!



FOOL! YOU'VE BROKEN THE SPELL! THAT SNAKE CHAIN WAS THE SOURCE OF MY POWER OVER WAYNE!

I HAD A HUNCH IT WAS A LOVE CHARM YOU USED TO BEWITCH HIM! LEGENDS SAY IF A WITCH IS LOVED SHE APPEARS BEAUTIFUL TO ALL WHO BEHOLD HER! BUT NOW THAT THE SPELL IS BROKEN...HE'LL SEE WHAT YOU REALLY LOOK LIKE!



YOU--YOU CAN'T ESCAPE! YOU'VE SIGNED A PACT WITH THE DEVIL!

IT'S NOT BINDING UNLESS SATAN KEEPS HIS END OF THE BARGAIN...AND I MEAN TO SEE THAT HE DOESN'T! JUMP, WAYNE!



A-A-A-AAHHHHH!

POOR HESTER! EVEN THE DEVIL COULDN'T SAVE HER THIS TIME!...WHO WOULD BELIEVE THAT A LUST FOR REVENGE COULD LEAD TO SUCH TERRIBLE CONSEQUENCES? I'LL NEVER HATE AGAIN AS LONG AS I LIVE!

AND I'LL NEVER LOVE AGAIN! ONE ROMANCE WITH A WITCH IS PLENTY FOR ME! YOU'RE ALL I WANT, JUJOY...OR EVER WILL!



THE END!

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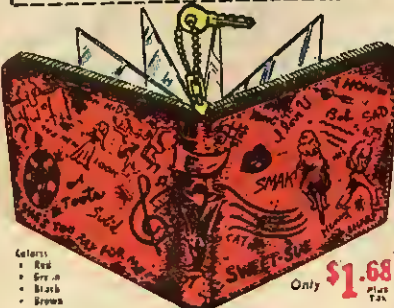
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